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Mountain Life and Work

Volume VI

October, 1930

Number III

Reflections of a Field Worker	— <i>Mary P. Dupuy</i>	2
Who Pays the Price?	— <i>Frances Sage Bradley, M.D.</i>	8
Data from Physical Examinations: Comparing a Rural with an Urban Student Group	— <i>Blanche Nicola</i>	10
Romance—and Reality	— <i>Leeta Derthick</i>	13
Vocational Guidance for Mountain Boys and Girls	— <i>O. Latham Hatcher</i>	17
Recent Victories over Illiteracy	— <i>P. H. McGowan</i>	18
Better Teeth for Mountain Children	— <i>Margret Trotter</i>	20
Molasses-Making	— <i>Harlan Booher</i>	24
Summer Joys for Tennessee Children	— <i>Edwin E. White</i>	25
Ten Days of Work and Play at Brasstown	— <i>Willie Fay Allen</i>	28
News from the Field		31

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GOLDEN RULE SUNDAY

December seventh is Golden Rule Sunday. This year there is a special incentive for those who love the mountain work to serve a Golden Rule dinner. A Committee of Friends of the Mountain Children, appointed by the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers, is co-operating with the Golden Rule Foundation for the purpose of raising \$10,000 to be used to meet the social needs of childhood in the Ozarks and Southern Mountains. Gifts can be given to the general fund from which the appropriation will be made or designated specially for the mountain children.

The article "Better Teeth for Mountain Children" in this issue gives an account of the investment of \$1,000 this past year in dental clinics at five different centers in five different

states. In some places the appropriations stimulated other gifts and the results have exceeded expectations.

The needs are great in the fields of health, recreation, religious education and organized social work. This fund, raised and administered cooperatively, will have a far-reaching influence in giving many of the underprivileged children of the mountains a better chance.

THE SURVEY

Those who have been following the progress of the cooperative survey will be glad to hear that progress is being made. The Board of Directors met in Cincinnati the early part of October and planned for the first year's work. Another meeting will be held in Washington on November twentieth.

During this past summer the University of Kentucky and the United States Department of Agriculture cooperated in a most interesting social and economic study of Knott County, Kentucky. When published the bulletins will contain authentic data which will furnish mountain workers with much food for thought.

ADVANCE NOTICE

The editors of **MOUNTAIN LIFE AND WORK** are happy to announce that The Social Work Year Book, published by the Russell Sage Foundation, will be off the press soon. For those interested in any phase of social work, this will be an invaluable reference book. Part I contains 187 topical articles by 197 writers who are authorities in the different fields covered. Part II lists 455 national agencies, public and private, in the field of social work or in closely related fields. An article on the Southern Mountaineers is included in Part I and the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers listed in Part II.

REFLECTIONS OF A FIELD WORKER

MARY P. DUPUY

As one lives and observes and thinks for year upon year in terms of the mountains, there sometimes grows, along with loyalty and interest, the conviction that we really have no convictions—no tenable cause, argument, conclusions, or even knowledge, concerning them. Perhaps it is because hazy generalities are always easier than clear conclusions, which take more time and more courage. Perhaps it is the result of a certain seasoning of spirit which comes as we pass through the successive stages of enthusiast and cynic, into the hopeful state of tolerant and critical thinking—stages into which many of us enter and from which we sometimes emerge. It seems at present that every statement, whether of topography or people, can be qualified, every comparison eschewed, every average questioned. If we know a type, is it typical of yesterday or today? Can we point to a typical mountain man? Is this a typical situation? What does this sentiment or that now signify? Have all things once thought typical of the mountains been melted and merged into new form during this dispensation of change which we think to be upon us? One confesses to "wonderment" about it.

In a season recently spent in a cross-section of the Alleghenies, with a fresh objective, a fair knowledge of the area, and an effort to see things accurately yet with understanding and proportion, some facts and some questionings have been strongly borne in. The section includes new and highly-developed coal fields, an area of open farms with highways and markets, and remote miles without railway or telephone, road or resources. They are all classified as "mountain," yet each has its characteristics, its own problems, its own progress. It is the progress and changes of which we have been conscious in the last two decades. The first industrial developments, with towns and transportation and wages and new wants; the spread of state highways, state school funds, and state interest to the mountains from the privileged lowlands; and the general shake which the quake of the world war gave us all

—these have affected the mountains economically, educationally, and socially, until much of their traditional state is now perpetuated more in fiction perhaps than in fact.

In ten years a whole county has had its population tripled, a mushroom growth of small mining camps along erstwhile wooded creeks; trains bore through the big hill over which men but shortly toiled with provisions on their own backs; a town turns out *en masse*, with jazz and joy, to see its High School fight on the football field, where once more personal, if scarcely less intense, ambuscades were held; autos are parked around a court house block where horses stood against the palings; a radio admits us to the privileges of a presidential inauguration where a few years before we waited a week to verify the rumor which said the president of the United States was dead. State highways and the attendant busses are touching almost every county, sometimes traversing them, while he who still travels a-horse may meet an automobile in the most embarrassing one-way creek bed, or freshly graded country road. In and around house and farm there are better furniture, utensils, tools, a more varied diet upon the table, more changes of clothing within closet and chest. A house-keeper in a large settlement school thinks that economic change throughout the mountains is shown by a decrease in the number of physical defects and under-weights in the children; county agents cite a change in the quality of exhibits at local fairs; teachers note the gradual improvement in clothing and school supplies; the storekeeper handles bottled drinks and cheap sweets where there was small sale for such necessities as sugar and soda.

These changes have come just as the standards, the demands, the amount of spending, the material satisfactions have increased everywhere. Because they came to the mountains later, they appear more distinct and picturesque; whether they come as advancement as well as change, and in proportion to the need for them, is one of our unconcluded questionings. Social and economic advancement in

certain sections has undoubtedly come sharply and suddenly. The larger farmer and land-owner has used to advantage his opportunities for business deals and for bettering farm life; as elsewhere, individuals — and sometimes whole communities — with business acumen have profited well from proprietorship and proximity to coal fields. The grandfather who reared his stalwart brood around an open fire, settles his sons as men of property, and sees his grandsons go out for college and culture—the cycle of frontier history repeated in a short span of years. It is however of the general wealth and advancement of the run-of-the-mine and up-the-creek folks of camp and countryside of whom we think. With every change one sees a contrast: for crowded camp we see depleted and deserted creeks; for profitable river-bottom farm we see long, narrow valleys of tenants on "company" land, practically worthless save for forests and potential coal; for sons and daughters in school there are boys and girls half-ignorant, half-idle roaming between home and public works until early marriage adds another unstable household.

The first and most outstanding change in the mountains has evidently been the economic one, yet I know of no more mooted question among mountain leaders at present than that of the relative amount of wealth as a whole through mountain territory. The first flush of excitement over the industrial developments and the rapid and apparent changes from them which followed have been well illustrated and discussed too often to be repeated, yet the mercy at which all industrial laborers are held by general business conditions has made for irregular and often precarious living. The general despondency over

farming even under the best of conditions is practically nation-wide. And these two, industry and farming, are the chief occupations of the areas of which we speak. Both producers and consumers here are extremely local, and their livelihoods interdependent. An agricultural survey recently made of some two hundred farms in a fairly open and prosperous mountain county estimates that the average income above expenditures is \$113, with fifty per cent having an income of less than \$500. While this has been considered a commentary upon the approximate wealth of the group, a thoughtful and informed man comments, "Is it possible that fifty per cent are above \$500?"

Poverty and wealth are such relative and comparative matters, it is not strange that they elude finalities. It seems reasonably safe to say that the degrading type of poverty is going, and there exists poverty in a more moderate and less acute state, yet poverty which still forbids freedom and growth and beauty.

The opportunities and changes which have come, on however moderate a scale to most individuals, seem as yet to be rather the material ones, which is perhaps a natural law of community growth. But, as mooted as the question still seems to be as to the proportionate economic and physical improvement throughout this territory, it is more evident and more rapid than improvement in other phases of mountain life. The first increase in family income has naturally gone into food, clothing and house; and that put—or available to be put—into those finer and equally evident needs and opportunities is meager indeed. One feels in many instances that it is a question not alone of poverty to house the stock, to clean the premises, to school a boy, to uphold a pub-



Transportation in the Old Days

lic movement, but of the greater poverty of thought and spirit. Men and women, however, must doubtless always emerge from the pressure of making a living, to making life.

Next to economic growth, or along with it, are educational awakenings. "The mountains are going to school" is a popular caption. County grade schools and high schools are taking the place of private schools; the number going from mountain counties into colleges is growing steadily; every few miles there stands a school building where parents had "writing school" under the oaks; to demand a school seems to be one of the newly conscious rights of tax payers. Here again we can make no blanket exclamation over strides in education: it varies in counties and localities as economic situations do. There is wide divergence in assessed valuation for taxes, in school tax rates, school budgets, administration, teachers, and sentiment. The many schools which are far from what this day and generation should expect, make us skeptical many times as to how fast the changes have come after all, while others warm one's heart with their efforts.

The school and road question go together, and one finds not infrequently an over-supply rather than an under-supply of one-room schools. One small county with an area of two hundred square miles has fifty-five school districts—a building every two miles. This has become the established right, so long as roads are out of the question for transportation or long walks. And the remoteness of a few families, and sometimes politics, cause unpleasant protests when combining possible schools for more effective service is discussed, however careless or archaic their work or however propitious the opportunity for merging them. The one-room schools have a great place geographically and socially as well as educationally, but the "right" of every man to have a school near his door is sometimes exploited to his children's own hurt.

As heartily as we agree that the mountains are going to school in comparison to their older generation, we have long since found through experience that there are few embryonic Lin-

cols walking miles to school and waiting each morning for the doors to open. The enrollment and attendance is far too short of the school census; a fair average for a district is 75 per cent of the census enrolled, and 55 per cent in attendance. Custom and tradition demand children's work at home, and bad roads and no bridges play their part; but much absence is due to poor parental and community sentiment. It is most common to find the feeling that every man has a right to a school for his children, but no man has a right to say when they shall be there. Difficulties of attendance with present laws and "machinery," too close personal relationships, and poor public sentiment prevent school authorities from making attendance an issue, where they appreciate its significance. There is a revival of figures and of effort lately in regard to illiteracy in the mountains; there would seem no surer way to lay the axe against its roots than by assistance and insistence that the adults of tomorrow attend the schools of today.

In line with this problem, it is interesting to keep an eye open as to the number from twelve to eighteen or twenty, who are not in school. A group of teachers whose interest was enlisted made a simple "survey" of their districts of three miles. Some thought that there were none who were not "working off" or "married up," while others made a conservative average of nine for their districts, who were not married and lived at home, with an education between fourth and eighth grade. This was done too inaccurately to be authentic, but if taken as a basis it would represent five hundred in a population of seven thousand. High schools and even colleges seem full, yet the woods are, too—in coal and construction camps, garage and saw mill, rail and roadways, and homes, are these restless, dissatisfied young people. The failure of grade schools to hold older students is not peculiar to the mountains, of course, though here where it is more pronounced, one finds the schools often weak and sluggish. Figures from most rural districts show a decrease of from 30 to 40 per cent between the fourth and eighth grades. The matter raises, of course, larger and more pertinent questions. The sections in which sentiment for continued schooling runs

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highest seem to be those where private schools have trained, inspired and built ideals for a generation or so ahead.

One can no longer refer to what was once known as a "typical" mountain school or teacher. There seem to be, roughly, three groups into which most of our schools and teachers now fall. There is the older group, to whom we were wont to refer as typical who are decreasing in numbers at the annual "writing" for certificates at the Court House. These are giving way to immature high school boys and girls to whom teaching is the easiest and often only opportunity for putting their learning into earning. "I want my boy to do what he likes best," said a mother, "but he will have to teach

until he can educate himself for something." Against these two are those trained, thoughtful young men and women with vision who have begun to grasp the purpose and possibilities of a rural teacher.

Of the first group is the easy-going uncouth man who keeps school along with his farm work, going no faster nor farther than when he began some thirty years before; yet in this same group of older teachers there are some of the most earnest spirits, who have carried the burden of their schools well upon their hearts for years. There are few sentiments more finely expressed than that of the older school master who said, "I don't care what I am so long as I am what I ought to be." From the second group, which is superseding the first and if anything becoming the more "typical," many examples could be given of irresponsibility towards school and community; yet they feel a right to a home-county school. Perhaps an extreme example is the

young chap who drives his Buick furiously ten miles from his home to school in the mornings, and says he is making a pretty good thing out of helping "Dad" in the sheriff's office on the side; or the girl at whose school attendance is about zero, due to poor sentiment and her own inadequacy, who unlocks the school room door each morning armed with a magazine and spends a few hours, which is "what the law requires." Standing in a little county seat one Saturday as teachers came in for their checks, one could but wish for that unwritten spirit of the law, which unfortunately cannot be written into contracts. Of the third group, who are now coming into their day, much more should be said. No finer and more constructive contribution is being made to the mountain than by rural-bred young men and women who are building not only their schools but their communities, educationally and spiritually. It is this group in whom is our confidence and trust for "typical" teachers and leaders. "The mountains go to school," we say, and increasingly also the mountains teach and maintain their own schools. It is interesting to note the numbers of teachers who are native to a county and have received their education in the local county high school there. One roster of 70 teachers shows 63 to be local; another of 116 has only 2 from outside its boundaries, the others in both cases being from adjoining counties. A third, larger and better financed and administered, has only 60 local teachers out of 190. The "open door" policy seems to be one upon which school authorities are having to take a stand. Many teachers complain that it is impossible to obtain schools in other counties, that places are promised sometimes before the would-be teacher enters high school and even bid and



Logs on Their Way to Market

bought as reward for personal and political favor. The local teachers, on the other hand, find positions scarce and feel their own county and district owes preference to them. A progressive school man in the mountains feels that the increased demand of young local teachers for home-county schools in this section, is making for lower standards on the whole than when there is an interchange of teachers. When 50 to 90 per cent of a county's teachers live at home, there is less responsibility and initiative in community enterprises and activities. Many who have had rural school experience in the mountains feel that the time has come when mountain schools should be manned by men and women of the right training and calibre, but the school systems which seem



The Beauty of the Hills

most alive and vital are those not too localized, into which flows a well-proportioned tide of teachers from other rural sources.

No field is so difficult for study and for summary as the religious and social life of a people, both because of its very nature and because of the loose organizations and channels for information. Religious and social conditions are always less apparent than educational and economic, yet far more subtle and more difficult to help, far more deep-seated and slow to change. In one of his stories, John Fox, Jr., wrote, "The world over, any seed of character, individual or national, that is once dropped between lofty summits, brings forth its kind with deathless tenacity year after year." An inclusive statement yet with an element of truth. And for much of such

seed there is cause for thankfulness and admiration. Other seeds have developed and borne their kind far too long, which have never brought comfort or credit to the mountains.

Of these, certain characteristics and traditions of civic life come first to mind. They are, unfortunately, too well associated in many minds with mountain life to need comment. It is, however, unfair to credit lawlessness and rowdyism beyond certain spots, more especially where mountain and coal field conditions fuse. One sleepy little county-seat barely yawns on court days, the jailer considers six a rather large number of inmates, and the circuit court clerk has time to teach school. A larger, more thickly settled and high walled county, in which are various elements, at the same season had some fourteen hundred standing criminal cases, many of them months old because of crowded dockets, and seventeen of them homicides committed within two years. As we come into the foothills, the tone and morals of civic life shade into that of average rural life.

Facts and figures such as these are deplored by none more than by upright citizens within the mountain counties themselves, yet generally there is a lack of sensitiveness to crime. It does not produce community shock or shame; and a sense of public duty, a social conscience and organizations seeking its cause and prevention are educational growths not yet maturing.

Less vivid, but perhaps equally insidious is the number of divorces which are appearing. Court clerks in some sections roughly estimate that two-thirds of the cases of a court term are for divorces, one industrial county estimating 78 out of 106 cases, while there are twenty a year in a more stable farming section. Delinquency among children and other phases of child welfare also challenge attention. All this is part of the swing of our social life, which is showing its process of change at last in the mountains.

Perhaps no phase of civic life seems to cut through all classes and counties as does the political life and habits, which often betray most reliable men and women into allowing ties of blood and obligation to hold stronger than those of citizenship and integrity. One

reason is that political positions are everywhere sought and bandied; and where county coffers have long been the best source of ready money, it is easily comprehended how desirable the payroll positions are, when there are yet few outlets to draw off the surplus aspirants for crumbs, if not plums, from the county table. The demoralizing influence of campaigns and elections held permeates home, schoolroom, and all social relationships, lowers the tone of public life and morals, and continually breeds false standards of honor and public service more than the best citizens themselves seem aware.

A public conscience responsible and sensitive to social and civic problems, and a private conscience which feels the relationship of religion to honorable, serviceable living are not common in any time or place or generation, not even where there has been organized religious life for years and where men are subject to modern religious and social implications. The mountains have, as a whole, neither, except where centered around a small number of implanted schools and churches. Theirs has been a religion of the individual, highly emotional at points, at heart sincere, sincere in belief and encrusted—in its sincerity—in intolerance. For the men and women now reaching maturity and for their children, the social and emotional interest once centering around preaching services is waning, as other contacts and experiences become available. "Jasper exhorted himself way out yonder," said a young man after a recent service, "but it didn't have any effect on anybody." For masses the old appeal is gone; however, it too often stubbornly holds the ground against religion more endowed with vital Christian life. The characteristic, typical religion of the mountains can not now be defined. There seems to be at present a great lethargy of religious interest or spirit, spread blanket-like over us; there are many small church buildings in countryside and camp to which only a corporal's guard feels any responsibility towards giving their presence, influence or support. Isolated churches and school buildings house the irregular services and sporadic Sunday Schools, which often die an annual death from lack of dependable local leaders. Those

sects which have held out against schools, Sunday Schools and all things of new report, are appreciably diminishing as education and other interests advance, but they still lodge in corners. While a congregation waited for a minister to appear a wag remarked, "He's probably down the road, halted between two opinions." So the religious experience of many mountain people is halted now between the traditional fatalism and literalism, and the demands which an enlarging life makes upon thought and principle. It is a time which tests intellect and integrity. There seems to be now an uninterested and non-religious people waiting perhaps for those growths and changes which come more slowly than things material.

Spiritual and cultural growth cannot perhaps be hastened until soil is prepared, any more than it can be well measured and evaluated. There is an old and beautiful type of culture in the mountains: of song-ballad and tale, of wood lore and handcraft, the culture of self-reliance and resourcefulness and tradition. This gives way before the general materializing leveling which no fastness is quite escaping, symbolized by the replacement of fiddle and voice on doorstep and hearth by raucous record. As mentioned, the first margin of income, the first fruits of "peddling" or handling "scrip," naturally go back into physical comfort, perhaps efficiency; and sweeps of hill country have practically no cultural resources, either public or private. One cannot be so bold as to say there is no desire for them, for no survey can measure the longings and enjoyments of the human heart. But we can say there is genuine poverty of the resources, cultural and spiritual, which will produce those fine, character-building appreciations and sentiments which can withstand change, and which must underlie all true and significant progress. It is between these two—change and progress—that mountain men and women must make the distinction.

In outward daily social life, there is the greatest change—the edge is gone from much of the distinctly picturesque; we may expect no more to meet the "typical" on roadside and at cabin door. The father who rives shingles with his broad axe is no more typical than his son firing the sawmill; the grandmother with

pipe and patchwork in chimney corner no more than the grand-daughter with lipstick and school books. The women of the mountains are somewhat slowly coming into their place in what has hitherto been a man's mountains, yet surely, just as they have discarded sunbonnet and sidesaddle. "Did you ask Sam if you could come?" queried a grandmother the other day of a sixteen-year-old bride. "Ask Sam?" came the answer with asperity;

"he ain't my pappy nor my mammy neither." So enters the new mountain woman.

What will be typical of the mountains, what will be permanent, what will be change, what will be progress, are farsighted conclusions which some brave son of prophets, some son of the mountains, must answer. "Sometimes" says an old French proverb, "the more things change, the more they remain the same."

WHO PAYS THE PRICE?

FRANCES SAGE BRADLEY, M.D.

"Hit's no use, lady. Noontide's sick agin. I reckon I'll hatter stay home," moaned Mrs. Collett, changing the fretting child to her other arm as she opened the gate for her caller.

"But you promised—" interrupted the disappointed health nurse, stepping from her car and following the heavy woman, unfit to be carrying the sick child, into the cabin. "What's the matter with Noontide this time?" she asked, yielding to the wistful smile and feebly-outstretched arms of the restless baby. Limp, emaciated, he lay on her lap, quiet for a moment.

"Same old story. He's lasted already longer'n Homer, Napoleon, and Louizy. I reckon 'cause you've looked arter him so close. He hain't had a spell now in a long time, and I 'lowed he was safe for his second summer. All the others come hyar puny, and a look showed they hadn't come to stay. But Noontide—" her lip quivered, "Well, he's allus been such a peart little feller, and I've tried to raise him just like you said. All but the feeding," she admitted guiltily. "You see, he was from the fust-off not satisfied with nothin' but breast, and he'd beg so pitiful-like. Then, too, all the old folks hyarabouts say give yo' young uns a taste of everything the mommy eats to keep 'em from having colic. Seems like I've lost my luck with babies, and now when I counted on going to the hospital for this one—" with a deep sigh. "Providence sho' has quare ways."

"Let's leave Providence out of this until we see just what happened," flouted the skep-

tical nurse. On the sill of an open window glistened a row of freshly-filled fruit jars. "Preserving?" she asked, as the uneasy child shifted to her shoulder.

"Pickling," the woman answered, her eyes only for her sick boy. Then she remembered. "Oh, yes, thar's a jar of dills for you arter they've stood for a spell in bay and fennel and marjoram. Cucumbers this year is the finest we ever had."

"Noontide help you with the job?" came the canny query.

"Bound you'd ask me that," confessed the mother, fairly caught. "Likely he'd call it helping, though he was mostly under foot. He's a good child for his age, but as feisty for mischief as a hound dog for a bone. Late one day when I was hurrying to git shet of my pickling, time to milk, I missed the little rascal, and thar, settin' in the back yard with chickens all round him, was Noontide, gnawing on a cucumber long as his arm. He just wouldn't give it up for hollerin', and, with hardly a tooth in his head, I 'lowed he couldn't do mo'n mouth it. When I came back from the cowshed Noontide and the chickens war thar, but no cucumber." She smiled sadly. "I thought in reason the chickens had got most of it away from him, but I reckon not, for he's been runnin' off ever since, and hit looks mighty like the take-off."

"Have you called the doctor?" the nurse asked. But she knew the question was needless.

"No, hit'd take him the better part of a day to git hyar, and—well, we just natu'ally

hain't got the price, what with this hospital and everything hanging over us. But Granny Coggins is holdin' a pow-wow tonight over at Sam Wort's cabin, and we aim to take him if we kin keep him awake. Seems like he sleeps the whole endurin' time. If anybody kin cure him, she kin," asserted the despondent mother.

"Did she cure your other babies?" flamed the irate nurse, "or help you to keep them well? Did she try to get you in good condition before or after they were born? Tell me, Mrs. Collett, after taking you to the doctor regularly for six months, haven't I convinced you yet that if you'd had a regular doctor all these years instead of an ignorant, untrained granny you and your babies would at least have had a chance of keeping strong and well? Do you really want to save Noontide?" she pursued relentlessly.

"Then listen. This baby is too sick for any pow-wow business. Let Granny Coggins measure and palaver over some other woman's child, but you come with me to the hospital as you agreed and we'll tuck in Noontide for good measure. This will give you a couple of weeks to get him well, and yourself rested before your turn comes. Then your husband and his sister or somebody out here can keep him until you and the new baby come home. Dr. Best himself has promised to take your case, which means that even the banker's wife could not have better care."

"What did you say hit would cost?" the mother asked longingly. "You know Granny Coggins is my man's cousin, and she 'tends me for five dollars."

"Dear at the price, if you ask me," the nurse snapped shortly, as Mr. Collett stepped over Sadie and her pups on the cabin floor.

She explained the situation again, and the tall, heavy-shouldered man leaned anxiously over his pallid little son, whose eyes were too tired to close, too apathetic to notice his father or the rollicking pups. From habit came the traditional question:

"And how much will they charge me, nurse?" The metallic, persistent click of the ornate clock on the bare fireboard contrasted with the sharp, discordant squawking of a rooster at his clucking hens and their bewildering, venturesome broods, as the husband waited

in the brief silence before she answered.

"I think," came the incisive tones of the hard-boiled nurse, "that with moonshine bringing its present fancy prices, the welfare of a woman and child will outweigh the cost of such care as they are entitled to."

Relenting, she added, "White Hawk hospital is run by the county at the lowest possible rates, and you choose your own doctor. But the government and state pay me to hunt up expectant mothers and help them to start right, under the care of a doctor who knows his business. In any case I watch over the mothers, and over their babies until they are old enough to go to school. Isn't this better and cheaper than trying to get them well after things have gone wrong?"

"Sounds like business. Yes," he admitted, after due consideration, "hit's horse sense. Come, mommy, hit's new to we uns, but we've had enough bad luck. Noontide is sho' sick, and yo' time is about up. Better git yo' bonnet and shawl and go with the nurse. I'll be coming along later and see you," he concluded, lifting his son's pale, listless little hand in his own horny, helpless paw. And before the couple had time to reconsider, the nurse had laid the child gently on the bed, dragged out a weather-stained straw suit-case, and was briskly packing a few necessities.

"No, not in the hospital," she smiled, returning to the woman an old and untidy quilt. "No childbed fever, nor risen breast; no milk leg nor anything like that this time. We'll have everything sweet and clean from the start."

And before the doubting mountain man realized just what was happening, he had closed the door of the car on his wife and sick child, and a trained, intelligent person seeking needed but belated relief.

On the way to White Hawk, the car passed the office of the local dentist.

"Aren't you glad those abscessed roots are out of the way?" asked the nurse.

"Yes. I'll not forget that bealin' jaw when Noontide was five days old. Hit wouldn'a happened if you had been here," sighed the woman, edging into a more comfortable position.

The next day and the next, and until he had become almost a steady boarder, a timorous,

awkward man tramped down the trail of Nantahala Mountain to join his wife beside a snowy crib. Wondering, silent, but keenly-observing, he watched the gradual flushing of a waxen face, the brightening of tired eyes. And soon the monotonous days of the hospital ward were flooded with the sunshine of Noontide's merry presence. By unanimous invitation of patients and staff the youngster became a guest of the institution during his mother's convalescence. This was the woman's first rest of her married life, and the simple, well-prepared food, daily baths, and exercise suited to the occasion made it almost impossible for Mr. Collett to recognize the solemn, care-worn wife of his bosom in the serene, contented face of softening lines, in the fleeting gleam of quick response. But other patients were clamoring for beds.

"By gum," declared the proud father regretfully, "Why hain't we uns been using this place, leastways for baby cases? Seems just suited to women and chillen. Had a good easy time, didn't you, maw. And hit's wuth the price. I'd most be willing to have a sick spell myself. Yet, I'm free to say we'd never a

come hyar, but for you," smiling at the public health nurse.

"Yes," agreed the doctor, "She has brought us patients who never realized the hospital is a better place for sick people than their own homes. We shall surely miss her when she leaves the county."

"Leaves the county? And for what?" exclaimed the amazed man, hesitating in his attempt to collect the possessions of his wife and babies. "This woman has done mo' for my fambly than all the county workers put together."

"But of course it costs money," reminded the doctor. "After paying half the salary of a baby doctor and nurse for seven years, the government thinks counties ought to be willing to carry the service alone—if they want it."

"That's quare," drawled the obtuse man. "Have they quit helping to prevent diseases of crops and trees and animals like they've been doing since befo' I was bawn? Have they quit helpin' with school projects, with health projects like running out malaria, typhoid

(Continued on Page 30)

DATA FROM PHYSICAL EXAMINATIONS:

Comparing a Rural with an Urban Student Group

BLANCHE NICOLA

There are many opinions, fewer facts, and some studies on the physical differences between rural and urban groups of students. Upon reading Sorokin and Zimmerman on the reports of such studies, and after also looking over the reports of Dr. Wood, it occurred to me that there might be some interesting data gathered from the physical examinations of the students of Berea College.

This college, in the Southern Highland area, has a constituency 93 per cent strictly mountain. That is, students up to 7 per cent of the entire number are admitted from counties or states which are non-mountain; even the level-land counties or parts of counties of mountain states are excluded if the quota is full, and the foreign students are included in

the 7 per cent. The 93 per cent represents a population of six million native white people of rather homogeneous origin, and an area of more than a hundred thousand square miles—about as large as the whole of New England and New York combined.

It appeared that if a city group could be found and figures compiled that could be compared with this rural group, an interesting picture might be made. Of three co-educational institutions investigated, the records of two were found to be either inadequate, or the institution in the process of revising its system, so that the files were unavailable. The records of a third institution, up to this year, were not sufficiently lucid to give a real picture. Most examinations on college entrance are ap-

parently for athletic purposes only. The choice finally narrowed down to Barnard College; so the Berea figures were restricted to women—except in certain indicated places.

In considering Barnard it was at once apparent that only a part of the data would be significant for comparison, as the economic levels of the two groups were so very different, the economic status of the mountain students being comparable to that of the residents of the more crowded sections of large cities.

In compiling the figures it seemed best to take a group from the same year in both colleges, and the autumn of 1928 was chosen. The number entering Barnard that year was 221. There were, I believe, 250, but a number of cards had been taken from the file for use elsewhere, leaving actual records for only 221. The number of records from Berea was 753; so the number from Berea was cut, care being exercised to keep exactly the same number for each age in the two groups. These were selected from the Berea records at random, with care as to the age group.

Barnard had 14 in the class who were 15 years old. Berea had none in the College as young as that. It seemed perfectly fair to select 15-year-olds from Berea Academy and Junior High School Departments, since the examination was exactly the same for each group, and the only difference was in academic ranking, which had no bearing on the statistics wanted. All were new students.

The first comparisons were made on the bodily measurements. Sorokin and Zimmerman state that in considering various studies made of the stature of rural and urban population apparently no uniform difference could be found. In England, Australia, and the United States the country population seems taller than the city population. The population in these countries is racially tall. In France, Germany and Russia the results are not conclusive. In Italy, the population in the city seems taller. They also state that the height average for the leisure classes and the nobility is somewhat taller than the height average for the artisan class in either city or country. They suggest that if the leisure classes were eliminated in a stature study, the height of the rural group would probably be

greater than a similar city group.

While Barnard can not be said to have a leisure class as its constituency, the economic plane of its students is so much higher than that of the Berea students that it might very possibly account for the somewhat greater stature of the Barnard girls. I am aware that many of the Barnard students are from suburban localities also.

AGE-GROUP	INCHES
15-year: Barnard	taller by..... .6
16-year: " " "5
17-year: Berea " "3
18-year: Barnard " "	1.3
19-year: " " "	1.2
20-25-year: " " "5

The chart shows a consistently taller group for Barnard—especially after seventeen years. In no case, however, is the difference more than 1.3 inches for the group average. Sixty-six per cent of the Berea group were 62 inches or above. In the 15-year group and the 20-25-year group the numbers were so small that the figures are scarcely valid.

In considering weights, a greater variation is found. The results were as follows:

	BARNARD	BEREA
Underweight	2.2 per cent	42.6 per cent
Normal	96.3 per cent	27.4 per cent
Overweight	1.5 per cent	30.0 per cent

These results show a greater variability in a group that by all reports should show the less variability. The figures seem to contradict the statements of Sorokin and Zimmerman that the rural population seems to be heavier than the city, and that there is a smaller percentage of under-weights among the rural population.

A study of nutrition would no doubt yield some facts that would aid in drawing conclusions as to the causes of the differences in weight of the students entering Berea. Considerable numbers are under-weight. The diet deficiency that authorities agree is so prevalent in the mountains certainly should bear some of the blame. Another factor is the prevalence of intestinal parasites in the rural group: the examinations showed that 20 per cent of the girls had hookworm or other parasites when they entered. Whether or not all

the 42 per cent under-weight were actually hosts for intestinal parasites, I have not complete enough records to show, although that information can be obtained. The fact that the condition is corrected as soon as possible after tests are made may account for the increase in weight which the Physical Education Department reports.

The 30 per cent over-weight are not accounted for, unless we take into account the statements of Sorokin and Zimmerman and possibly the fact that some of the students come from towns, mining centers, and county seats in the mountain area where there is probably a better chance for a less restricted diet.

The actual chest circumference was not given for both groups, but the expansion was indicated. In the city group, 91.4 per cent have an expansion of less than three inches; of the Berea group, 80 per cent have an expansion of less than three inches, leaving for Barnard 8.6 per cent having an expansion of three inches or over, and for Berea 20 per cent with an expansion of three inches or over.

These figures taken with the results for posture show that while there is a close relationship between chest expansion and posture, it may not be as close as is generally supposed. The records show:

POSTURE GRADE	CHEST EXP'N				
	A	B	C	Under 3 in.	Over 3 in.
BARNARD .17.3	67.4	15.3	91.4	8.6	
BEREA 4.8	53.8	41.4	80.0	20.	

Thus the rural group, having had presumably less attention to physical education and posture, shows a higher percentage of chest expansion, with noticeably poorer posture.

The question can be raised as to the absolute relation between posture and chest expansion. Hoeing corn on a hillside, carrying water long distances, climbing hills, and doing much heavy work out of doors must have some effect on posture. Apparently they have made the body adjust itself to certain positions which have not affected lung capacity as much as has been supposed. One should keep in mind, however, that the numbers considered are small, and the figures might conceivably have been quite different if thousands were considered instead of a few over two hundred.

In the case of all the students the examin-

ation was a *first* examination as far as the institutions were concerned, and certainly the first for Berea students. The city students, however, must have been fairly well weeded out by the time they had reached college, since practically all were graduates of city or suburban high schools, where considerable attention is paid to health.

The remainder of the information which will be found in this paper must be given as isolated facts, and cannot be compared in any way.

The examinations given to the rural group were given by specialists. This is a policy of the health program of the College. These doctors come in from large cities and are of recognized standing in their particular fields. Each one looks for his special interest. The examinations for the city group were made by a doctor of high standing, but specialists were not used. This would naturally make considerable difference in the findings, and obviously the comparison would not be a just one. Also, as was mentioned before, it must be borne in mind that the city group was a highly selected one.

In Barnard out of the 221 examined, 119 had had tonsil and adenoid operations or were reported as having a poor throat condition. The Berea report for the same number showed that 170 had a poor throat condition. Dr. Stucky, throat specialist from Lexington, Kentucky, is of the opinion that there is a very close connection between poor nutrition and bad throat condition.

In the rural group 35 per cent showed evidence of thyroid malfunctioning, while in the city group the percentage was 12.6.

Fifty-two per cent of the city group had teeth either in perfect condition or with all defects corrected, while in the rural group "there are never more than ten perfect mouths among the girls in any one year." This last applies to a possible total of 750 to 800, and is quoted from a statement made by Dr. R. H. Paine of the Berea College staff of physicians. Nutrition, with isolation, difficulty of getting to dentists, the slow recognition of the importance of dental care, the great scarcity of clinics, comparative lack of health education in the rural schools, and the lack of ready money must

be contributing causes for the marked number of defects in teeth.

The records for heart lesion for the city group show that 37 out of the 221 have hearts less than perfect. Of these 8 were given a C grade. In the rural group 10 were found with heart lesion.

In Barnard 4 were reported with slight lung defects and one with a more serious defect. In Berea there were 16 defects for the same number, and 11.5 per cent reported a family history of tuberculosis. The percentage was not so high for the city group, but a high rate of cancer in the family was noted for this group. The figures for these two last items are not comparable in any sense. In all countries mortality from tuberculosis is greater in cities than in rural areas, but there are, no doubt, areas where the opposite is true.

I am appending a brief report of results of tests for hookworm for the rural group,

covering years 1927-1930.

School Yr.	No. Examined	Per Cent Positive
1927-28	1,777	38.0
1928-29	1,712	22.0
1929-30	1,632	11.3

Of these the college group show the lowest percentage, being 3.06 for the girls and 2.05 for the boys. The Normal and Junior High Departments are highest, having 14.5 per cent and 34.9 per cent respectively; the Academy, 6.4 per cent.

The steady fall in the percentage is due, no doubt, to educational work, and the more prevalent use of shoes and stockings than has been the case earlier. Also an increasing number of the mountain students go into cities or remain in Berea for work during the summer months.

I am not making a comparative chart of the defects noted in the latter part of this paper because of the manifest differences in conditions and the incomparable bases of the groups.

ROMANCE—AND REALITY

LEETA DERTHICK

I wrote to the Alumni Secretary at school: "Dear Mr. M———:

Please send me to the most exciting and out-of-the-way place you can find. I can teach anything (except Arithmetic) if only the school house is located in a romantic and glamorous spot."

A rather odd application for a teaching position, yes; though I believe I was true to form in mentioning the fact that I would accept a salary and that I was willing to give plenty of service. (Alas, at that time I was blissfully unaware of the number of untaught Sunday School classes in the world and the piles of unwashed dishes which follow Parent-Teachers meetings.)

I was properly thrilled when the telegram came, saying, "Elected position Seven-Eighth grades at \$100 per month. Wire accept." With the aid of a geography and a microscope I located the name of the place on a map, and then dashed away to send the wire. The scene of my future endeavors was a tiny coal min-

ing camp on the bank of the Big Sandy River, which flows through the heart of the Kentucky mountains. Not that the mountains would be entirely new to me, for I spent my earliest thirteen years there and loved them as my home. But a coal mining camp would be a new and novel feature. One of my teachers had once told me never to go to a coal camp. I knew this was the very spot for me.

Soon the appointed day came, and kissing my family a nine-months' leave, I went light-heartedly on my way. The trip through Ohio was most uneventful. No one stole the purse which I clutched tightly in my lap and no one seemed to notice that my hat sought a more and more unbecoming angle. Just an ordinary ride in an ordinary day coach. You've taken one, too.

Not until Ashland was long past and the darkness crept near and the mountains gave back the whistle of the Big Sandy train did I feel that I had truly entered the land of romance. I looked about me and saw the faces

of mountain people and listened once more to their soft speech. I knew by unmistakable signs that many of my companions were teachers as I. I met two classmates from Berea and after the first joy of seeing each other we told of the positions to which we were now going. They, too, were teaching in coal camps. We wondered what it would be like.

At last the darkness grew dense and only by earnest gazing could we see the nearby mountains with a peep of the sky above. Once or twice we crossed a narrow river and had a wider view, of dark waters with willows bending near. Tiny lighted stations where small crowds were gathered received more and more of my traveling companions. Soon the coach was almost empty.

It seemed so easy to slip by some of these little stations with only a moment's view of light and eager faces. I began to fear that the conductor would forget that there was a passenger for V—L— and disappoint my reception committee also. I stopped the conductor twice to ask him what time we would arrive. But as I had no watch, this was small comfort. At last, in desperation, I grasped him firmly by the coat sleeve and pled with him "to put me off when we got there." He smiled and nodded.

True to his promise, he soon came for my grip and led me to the platform where I was allowed to stand for ten minutes of anticipation. Then the train began to go slow around a curve, and I knew that a moment more would clinch my fate.

Lights, a dizzy descent, my grip once more in my hand—and I was alone in a crowd of strange faces.

I made a brave start for the station and tried to pretend that I, too, would soon meet a friend and squeal with delight. Someone touched me on the arm—"Please, Ma'am, are you one of the teachers?"

"Oh, yes; and you are Mr. S—, the Superintendent?"

"Oh, no, Ma'am, I'm only one of the High School boys." (I hope the boy never told that where official ears could hear. Anyway, it was terribly dark where we were standing). "You see, Mr. S— couldn't come down this evening and he asked me to meet the teachers.

I have several of 'em in my car now. Right this way, Ma'am."

Meekly I followed and wedged myself in near the others. In a moment another timid soul slipped in and we confided to each other that we were both new teachers. "Have you ever been in a coal camp?" she asked.

"No; have you?"

"No; I wonder what it will be like."

Our driver was skillful. When I exclaimed over the roughness of the road, he assured me that "that was nothing;" in the winter it would be quite impassable. And truly, for three months that winter we were mud-bound. V—L— is in a long narrow valley and is favored only with a dirt road and a branch of the main railroad.

After about thirteen miles of imagination and three actual miles of realization, we stopped at last before a large building. Someone took our grips, and the new teacher and I followed after. We circled the corner of the building, stumbled over railroad tracks, found a cinder path, and at last crossed a narrow bridge to a lone white building where lights gave out a cheery welcome.

For the remainder of that evening I labored under the delusion that we had come to a boarding school. These happy individuals who tried to tell of a summer in five minutes must be either pupils or teachers—I was not quite sure which. Not till next morning did I learn that this was the Clubhouse where all the transient officials, the young secretaries with their wives, and the high school teachers stayed. (It was then, too, that I learned that the board was forty dollars per month; one hundred minus forty—a mental groan, and acquiescence. Everybody does it. There is simply no other boarding place.) At last introductions were over, and with a blurred sense of kind faces, we were shown to our rooms.

As soon as I could in the silence of mine, I turned out the light and slipped to the window. I wanted to see if romance and adventure were truly abroad in a coal camp.

My room faced a hollow. The moon was rising above the rim, outlining the trees darkly and brightening the mist which lay below. The slope of a nearby mountain rose sharply on the right. On the left I could see the outlines of

large dark buildings and from one just beyond my sight there came the sound of music and laughter. I lifted my face and found that the sky was clear, though with few stars. I felt the breadth of the mountain wind and listened to serenading cowbells nearby. From somewhere behind me there rose the sound of a mighty pump, whose throb was to be the accompaniment of my every night and day in V—L—.

Were romance and adventure in a coal camp? I think the two were waiting on the roof above my gable window, and that, very quietly, they slipped a veil before my eyes. In the two years which I spent in V—L— I never completely lost the sense of unreality which enfolded me that night. No matter how familiar the cinder paths became, I still felt that I was walking the pages of a story book.

Pages of story books make excellent byways if their atmosphere is thoroughly wholesome or if the traveler has a background of wholesome memories when the atmosphere becomes too sordid. For, strangely, glamorous places are too often spots where the lives of the more favored may glow brightly against a background of ignorance and poverty. Only the outsider looks always through the veil of romance. Those who really live there are too fully aware of grim reality. And so during my two-years' stay I sometimes saw the place veiled, and sometimes I saw it bare.

Perhaps it would be interesting to see how the others who came in contact with the place regarded it.

A man once dreamed a dream. As he stood at the desk of his eight-room school, he looked out at the hillsides, for he had discovered that wealth was there. He saw a vision of what it would mean to his people if this wealth were released for them.

As his meager pay-checks came in, he bought more and more of the rich land, for the people sold it cheaply. At last the time came when he knew that he must seek outside help. He traveled in the East, but it was a long time before he found someone who believed with him that it would be practical to open the region. In a rather primitive way they began the

work, but soon others saw the possibilities and they too came. Soon a thriving business was going on. Thus the coal mines were opened in Eastern Kentucky, and a man saw his dream begin to come true.

But how tragic it is that we must so often depend upon others for the fuller realization of our dreams. This man had the best interests of his people at heart. In his home town today you will hear his name lauded. A business college and a road are material witness of his service. Here was a man who saw in the coal mines a hope for his people.

But how differently the others who came from the outside saw the thing. I once asked an official in the coal camp where I was working what he thought the future of the mountain people in this region would be. He shrugged. "Oh, there is no future for them."

Immediately I became argumentative. "But surely with the wealth of resources that is to be found here there must be a wonderful future."

"Let us understand each other," he replied. "You are thinking now of the future in the material sense as I am thinking of it, are you not? Well, there is no future in wealth for the people of this section. They long ago sold their land rights to all of these resources. Nor did they profit much by the sale of their land, for they sold it cheaply and the money is now gone."

"But what of the labor that the industries bring?" I asked. "Can't the people profit by that? Can't they at least make a decent living?"

Again he shrugged. "Yes, I suppose they can, especially those who live near the center of the industry. Though you must understand that many who might profit by the work are crowded out by the typical coal miner. There is always a group of people who have spent their lives in camps and who know nothing else. They follow from region to region, and as they are more skilled, they receive the work before the residents of the region have a chance."

"Then, too," he continued, "you understand that a coal camp is never a permanent thing. As soon as the region is exhausted, the industry will move to another place. Then those who

have had the labor only find themselves poorer than ever. They no longer have the income, and in the case of the mountain people, they find themselves with an entirely new set of desires. Their contact with the outside world has made things which once seemed luxuries seem necessities now."

I have thought a good bit concerning this last statement. What is really the result of bringing these two types of people together in this mountain region—the typical coal miner and the mountaineer?

The typical miner has spent his entire life in some sort of mining camp. He has never owned his own home but has always lived in a "company house." In the camp of which I speak, the most of these are stilted high upon a hill, in narrow mud yards. They are built in rows and often the only distinguishing feature is that one house is painted a more ghastly olive green than the rest. Since these houses are often crowded into narrow valleys, the road or path is likely to be the close neighbor of the creek. Worse still, the creek is usually the chief drainage system for the camp. It is no wonder to me that the wives of the miners give up the struggle to keep their houses clean.

The typical miner has little to worry about. A life near death has made him a fatalist. If he has work, he draws his wages daily in the form of script. This script he can spend only at the company store, where he is charged double the amount that each commodity is worth. A plan for better management never occurs to him, however. Many families of miners eat pork chops for breakfast.

If the miner wants recreation, he goes in the evening to the Recreation Building. Here he can see a very good picture show for a very reasonable price. The evening may be very hot and the air very foul, for it is impossible to run the show and allow much ventilation. He sits cheerfully through all this, however. Afterwards he will go down to the soda fountain in the lower part of the building and quench his thirst. If his sense of pleasure is still unsatisfied, he may stand for an hour or so to watch the rest of the world go by. His friends are always handy to help him in this useful occupation.

As I have said, the typical miner is well satisfied with his lot. Youth may have found him restless, but now the only signs of such a lingering malady are the periodical urges he feels to move his family to another camp.

It is the children of these people who suffer most by the lack of proper recreation. They are still restless; and with youth's love for fun, they seek it if it is not there for them. As a result they are wise beyond their years, with a sophistication that no city life can equal. As may be expected, drinking and smoking are the chief recreations for many. Many of them marry very young and seem perfectly content to settle down in the camp with no other prospect for the future. The improvement of the nearby roads has made car-riding another doubtful pleasure for the long evenings. You may well imagine the results of this care-free, unrestrained life on the part of the younger generation, in conjunction with the unmoved attitude of their parents. Life of children and younger people in a coal camp is seldom a very wholesome thing.

This is the new life that our mountain people are finding in their midst. Always in a newly-opened region the gaudy pleasures of civilization precede the better things. Some of the people enter the new life eagerly, thinking that the glitter of the cheap imitation of civilization is the whole. For those who know that there are better things, hope lies ahead; but for those who accept the tawdry as the whole, life may contain little of the better things afterwards.

The coal camp is undoubtedly a fixed institution in the Kentucky mountains. For better or for worse, we must accept it. I have tried to give a sketch of its life as seen by the types who are likely to come in contact with it. The adventurer, the cool-headed business man, and the two types of miners see the life from different points of view. I believe that those who are attempting to improve the conditions of our mountain people in and about coal camps must include each of these viewpoints in their own outlook. Only in this way can we help to bring the fullness of life that is every person's right.

Vocational Guidance for Mountain Boys and Girls

O. LATHAM HATCHER

(General information regarding the mountain journey undertaken by Rural Counselors of the Southern Woman's Educational Alliance in 1930-1931)

Miss Harriette Wood and Miss Lois Claytor, rural counselors of the Southern Woman's Educational Alliance, whose headquarters are in Richmond, will within the next two weeks begin a six months' journey of service and exploration as well, to selected mountain schools in the Appalachian area, visiting state agricultural colleges and agricultural experiment stations along the way. States to be visited are those where the mountain problem is heaviest, and are Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, Tennessee, West Virginia and Georgia. Probably not more than twelve schools will be visited for giving any program of service, but as many more are likely to be included for fuller acquaintance, and for leaving certain types of practical information. Books, kodaks, lesson plans, scrap books, maps, pictures, posters, typewriters and various other *impedimenta* are to be taken along. Public schools as well as private ones will be visited, the approach to the former being arranged by the county superintendent of schools. Besides adding constantly to their own supply of information, the counselors go to render a service of vocational guidance to the school on the basis of much study of the problems.

The journey is the second of its general kind undertaken by Southern Woman's Educational Alliance counselors, the first having occurred in 1926 when about twenty schools together with several special handicraft centers in five of these states, were visited for gathering information and to learn whether they were concerned to have more light on their pupils' problems of educational and vocational guidance. Without exception inquiry on this point was answered affirmatively. As a result, Konnarock, one of the schools visited on this trip, and the home areas represented by its pupils, drawn from five states, were made the subject of intensive study over a period extending from 1926 to 1930, when the

book, *A Mountain School*, published by Garrett and Massie, appeared. Of this book and the companion volume, *Rural Girls in the City for Work*, the New York Times said in an advance review "no such intimate picture of life in the country has ever been attempted before as far as is known; certainly none has been linked directly with the problem of raising the standard of culture through education. As such, it has taken on a national importance because of its usefulness to all persons concerned with adjusting country children to the city or with improving rural life."

The counselors take in their kits a variety of the sorts of vocational information likely to be helpful to ambitious mountain girls and boys—since service to both will be included in this journey—such as that about forestry, mining, engineering, radio and aviation, art, music, teaching, nursing and stenography. Authoritative information available from state agricultural colleges and experiment stations about agricultural occupations and about occupational opportunities in mountain industrial towns and villages likely to prove productive in the mountain areas visited will be gathered in each state and passed on to each school which it can serve. In each county where farm and home demonstration agents are available for interpreting the agricultural opportunities of the immediate area more directly, the importance of using their help will be emphasized, and in general the habit of consulting local and state authorities in this connection will be strongly urged. A series of mimeographed vocational folders, worked out by the Southern Woman's Educational Alliance with special reference to mountain girls and boys, and copies of the books, *Guiding Rural Boys and Girls* and *A Mountain School*—also, if possible, a copy of the book *Occupations for Women*—will be loaned or given each school as practical guides in counseling their pupils and as beginnings of a guidance library.

A series of round table discussions will be held with the teachers for interpreting the simpler techniques of vocational guidance to them,

and for showing them how to utilize the vocational information and other aids being brought them. The series of lesson plans to be left with them will be demonstrated in class.

Very informal group discussions directly with the boys and girls will be held also, by the visiting counselors, for getting over to them certain facts which all need to know regarding the relation of education and training to the different types or levels of such important mountain occupations as mining, forestry, and agriculture, regarding the *pros* and *cons* of coming to the city, the chance to cultivate special talents, etc. Interviews will be held with individual boys and girls about their cherished ambitions or their vocational problems, and through a teacher to be chosen in each school for this purpose, counselors will give needed follow-up help later to those interviewed and to others as need arises. Girls or boys with artistic ability and a craving to study art will be given a chance to have their talents appraised, and will, if these justify it,

be given encouragement to look forward to art study later. The same encouragement will be given in other directions, on the ground of the general belief of the Southern Woman's Educational Alliance that "where there is a will there is a way" if information and friendly cooperation are available. The Alliance itself has no student aid funds.

Plans for the journey have already been checked with Dr. Charles J. Galpin of the Department of Agriculture, and with Mrs. Katherine M. Cook, Chief of the Rural Division of the Bureau of Education; and Mrs. Cook herself will join the counselors in November for about a week of exploration and of advisory work with them in connection with their service to rural schools. Plans have been carefully checked also with Dean Thomas Cooper of the College of Agriculture of the University of Kentucky. Dean Cooper is the chairman of the proposed Appalachian economic and sociologi-

(Continued on Page 30)

RECENT VICTORIES OVER ILLITERACY

P. H. McGOWAN

"Can you read? Can you write? Can you read and write? I can read. I can write. I can read and write."

Thrilling as may be the narrative of great battles of land and sea lost and won, there is none more gripping than the battle against illiteracy now being stubbornly waged in many of the states of the South.

Just now Georgia, Alabama, South Carolina, and Louisiana are leading the procession for enlightenment, with North Carolina and Florida, and other states doing their part. The four states first named are competing to see, when the census figures which have just been taken are compiled, which may show the smallest number of illiterates and the largest number who have been taught both to read and to write. The reports that have been received are most illuminating, showing that Georgia had enrolled 40,848 adults, Alabama 41,726, South Carolina 49,345, and Louisiana 108,351—a

total of 240,270 men, women and children who are being taught to read and write. Added to this there are many thousands in Virginia, Florida, West Virginia, Tennessee, Arkansas and other states who have been brought out of darkness into light, but about whom exact figures are not available at this time.

The lesson which the leaders in this great cause all over the South have given their pupils—"Can you read? Can you write? Can you read and write?" with the answers, "I can read, I can write, I can read and write," is timely. It deals with the thing that adults are doing at the moment and closes with a positive affirmation, which is considered good psychology. The answer "I can read and write" means much, for if the work has been properly done the illiterate has been taught within the first hour to write his name and to read a page.

The frequent pilgrimages of the "moonlight school" or "opportunity school" pupils to Wash-

ington in search of education recalls an incident that happened in South Carolina not many years ago. A certain farmer was frequently brought before one of the county magistrates for fighting, getting drunk, and for other violations of the law. The women of his family always paid his fine and he never went to jail. Once the magistrate asked him why he fought so much, and became drunk so much when the women of his family were the ones to pay for it. The straight reply was made, "Well, I'm jes' naturally agin the government." This short-sighted attitude was typical of the way many people some years ago regarded education. They didn't want to learn, and they were "agin the government." Happily, however, that day has passed never to return.

A tall, soldier-like South Carolinian, who had learned to read and write in the sessions of the moonlight schools last year, recently spoke to the President at the White House with considerable ease, in presenting the chief executive with a basket of South Carolina fruits and vegetables. This man is one of many American citizens of native worth, whose horizons are being broadened by the moonlight schools.

Last spring a delegation of North Carolina "moonlighters" came to Washington and presented the President with the cloth with which to have a suit made for himself. The cloth had been woven in the mountains. This group gave an original play in one of the Washington buildings in which the pupils told of the advantages which they had found in being able to read and write. Citizens of North Carolina paid all of the expense of the trip to Washington.

When North Carolina started her campaign the first appeal was made to the editors of papers in that state at their annual meeting. They enlisted 100 percent. The North Carolina teachers volunteered, and the welfare agencies combined to push the movement. The result is that the Tarheel state taught ten thousand illiterates in her first session of moonlight schools.

Georgia has had one of the most colorful and dramatic campaigns of any of the states. Without a single dollar of state appropriation for the fight against illiteracy, those behind the movement succeeded last year in raising

almost \$60,000 with which to wage a vigorous campaign. At the last meeting of state school superintendents in that state, one county school superintendent after another arose and cited numbers running from five hundred to a thousand who had been taught to read and write in their respective counties. They told of the eagerness to learn and the rapidity with which these pupils acquired the ability to read and write.

An intensive campaign was mapped out in South Carolina to eradicate illiteracy before the federal census should be announced with so large a number of illiterates to her credit: South Carolina's rank in literacy in 1920 was third from the bottom. That it will rise in the scale seems now a certainty in view of the excellent program that has been carried out in that state under the enthusiastic leadership of Miss Wil Lou Gray, the state director of adult education. The special intensive drive last spring brought in over forty thousand illiterates from that state alone.

A three-day "write-your-name" campaign was waged by the citizens. Then trained teachers took charge of those who had been given "first aid" and put them through a thorough course of training. Even the jails became places of instruction. One young man who was in jail for a minor offense learned both to read and write, and wrote a letter saying that he was thankful for his prison sentence since it had given him the opportunity to learn.

There is much to do in Florida before that state is able to reach a high grade in reducing its illiteracy ratio. Officials say that this is probably due to the fact the Florida has not been conscious of her illiteracy problem. According to the federal census of 1920, Florida had 71,811 illiterates. In 1925 the state took a census which showed that the number had increased 5,000. It should be stated in this connection that the illiteracy problem of Florida is largely colored, there being 55,639 illiterate Negroes. A state advisory committee has been appointed and it is expected that Florida will now organize for a vigorous campaign.

While it is believed that the census figures recently taken will show a great improvement over those in 1920, especially in Georgia, Alabama, South Carolina and Louisiana, where the

brunt of the fight has been carried on, it will be interesting to take the statistics for 1920 and compare them with those for 1930 when the latter become available.

Illiteracy has not been eliminated nor will it be for many years to come, as the promoters of the plan thoroughly realize; but surely, if slowly, ignorance is giving away before the steady advance of education.

"At least a dent has been made," is the way it was expressed to me by the leaders of the movement. Experience has been gained that will greatly aid in combatting this curse of illiteracy at a more rapid pace than ever before.

Plans are being mapped out now for the complete use of the public school machinery as well as that of a private and individual kind.

The campaign from now on will be carried to the Indian reservations and into the remotest

of mountain sections. Organizations will be perfected for teaching all illiterates in state and federal prisons, in local jails and almshouses, and even in convalescent hospitals. "First aid," such as learning to write one's name, will be given to illiterates waiting for trains in railway stations and those who may appeal to the Travelers' Aid.

Illiterates taught in the last decade are beginning to play their part in the campaign. Some of them are teaching other illiterates, others are speaking at public gatherings of various kinds, and everywhere the gospel of education and enlightenment, as against darkness and ignorance, is being preached. A brigade will be organized in each state, composed of those who once were unable to read and write, and they will be used as "shock troops" all over the country.

BETTER TEETH FOR MOUNTAIN CHILDREN

MARGRET TROTTER

Modern science has turned its X-ray gaze upon our teeth. We have been told that a diseased tooth is the enemy of health. Toothpaste advertisements clamor for our attention from the pages of leading magazines, and America has become so tooth-conscious that the average city-dweller has begun to feel guilty when he postpones his semi-annual trip to the dentist for a week or so.

The city-dweller knows, however, that the dentist is waiting in his modern office just around the corner, where he works from nine to five. His patients may wait in a cheerful room, and read magazines that are not too ancient. Altogether, going to the dentist today is not an unpleasant or difficult matter—in the cities.

But in isolated rural districts, such as one finds in the Southern Highlands, a trip to the dentist is a very different matter. It may be postponed for years instead of weeks; and before the patient, driven to desperation by an aching jaw, can find relief he must often travel many miles over rough roads, on foot or on horseback, and the care which he will receive

after going so far is often inefficient. Sometimes he is unable to afford even inefficient care. A mountain family of nine or ten, with a cash income of two hundred dollars a year, cannot afford even poor dentistry. The children who grow up under such conditions are often apt to be handicapped from the start by poor teeth, due to diet deficiencies, and later on from tooth infections which may impair health, and, if they are allowed to go on, cause serious organic lesions.

Up to the present year, although in a few areas of the Southern Mountains there have been local campaigns to bring dental attention to the children, there has hardly been, except in North Carolina, a general campaign. In North Carolina, where such a campaign was launched in 1916, great progress has been made. Ten years after the first appropriation for this purpose was voted by the state legislature, examinations of North Carolina school children showed that the percentage of dental defects had decreased one-third. A report of these dental clinics for children, held in North Carolina,

appeared in MOUNTAIN LIFE AND WORK for October, 1926, and shows the splendid results that such an organized dental campaign can accomplish.

Through a small fund appropriated last year by the Golden Rule Foundation, and administered by a committee of three appointed by them, a beginning has been made in meeting the dental needs in four states in the Southern



Too Old for Their Years

Mountain area and one in the Ozarks. For years the Golden Rule Foundation, through the proceeds of Golden Rule Sunday, which is observed in many churches throughout the United States, has been helping to meet the needs of children in the Near East. The Foundation is now turning its attention to the underprivileged children all over the world and has chosen three groups in our own country—the Indian children, the Southern Mountain children, and the children of the migrant groups. The committee of three appointed to administer the fund thus made available for the benefit of the mountain children, after considering the matter, decided that it could not be better administered than for the launching of a dental com-

paign for the Southern Mountain children. The five centers were supplied with \$200 each, to be used "through the communities and surrounding country either by transporting the children to a dentist or by establishing a clinic." The committee further recommended that only those who were unable to pay for work done should benefit by the fund, and that a report be kept of all work done, of examinations, and of lessons in oral hygiene which should be introduced into the schools of these five centers where the cooperative campaign was being carried on.

The great need for this work may be measured by the findings of careful dental examinations which were given to a representative group from mountain communities, entering one of the largest schools for Southern mountain students in the fall of 1929. Of 1,255 students examined, ranging in age from sixteen to thirty-five, 1,102 were found to be in need of dental service. Only eight from this whole group had perfect mouths—that is, only eight had never had any dental work done and did not need any. The rest averaged more than three cavities apiece, and it is interesting to note that the youngest and the oldest in the group showed the worst records of all. These were chiefly retarded students, coming from isolated mountain areas, hence they lagged far behind in knowledge of oral hygiene, and led in the number of dental defects. In the retarded group, those who were behind for their age, there were only 49 among 466 who needed no work, and the rest gave the shockingly high total of 1,632 dental defects. Yet the fact that this group is able to attend a boarding school is evidence that it stands above the average of youth in rural sections of the Southern Mountains as far as advantages go; so we may guess, from the findings in this more fortunate group, at the conditions in the communities from which they have come.

The five centers chosen by the committee were indeed faced with a mighty task. Yet all of them were schools where much had been done in the past to aid the mountain people. In Kentucky, the Wooten Community Center, a Presbyterian project, was chosen by the committee. Miss McCord, of Wooton, states that as early as 1924 a dental clinic had been held there, and

had proved very successful. Some of the patients came many miles, starting before daylight, and others waited at the clinic for a day at a time, hoping that they might be examined eventually. Preference was given to the children, while adults with serious cases followed. In two days and a half the overworked dentist examined one hundred and fifty patients, did eighty-eight extractions, seventy fillings, and fifty-five cleanings. This service was repeated, but it proved scarcely adequate.

In Tennessee the choice of the Committee was the social community center at Summerfield, in Grundy County. This non-denominational center had already, like many others, made efforts to correct existing dental conditions. Examination of school children had revealed the need for dental attention, and an attempt had been made to have the children taken to the dentist in a near by town, but this plan soon proved both expensive and impractical. Lessons in oral hygiene had been introduced in the schoolrooms, and examinations had already been made by the county health officer, Dr. U. B. Bowden. In some cases corrections had been made, but the majority of children had not yet been reached.

The report from the Episcopal mission centers of Virginia, which also received \$200, tells a similar story of need. In Greene County, Virginia, there was no Board of Health in existence, nor any organized state supervision of welfare work, so that health workers had been in the habit of going in from the adjoining counties of Albemarle and Rockingham, but no dental welfare work at all had been done. Sporadic efforts had been made by the mission workers in other sections of Virginia to secure dental attention for the children in their schools. In Lydia, one of the most isolated Episcopal missions, \$100 had been made available, and Miss Martin, aided by this gift, had been able to take children to Charlottesville, where a dentist treated them, but as at Summerfield, and elsewhere where this method was tried, it proved too expensive. At an Episcopal Mission Home, workers secured a dentist through the clinic doctors at the University Hospital in Charlottesville, and he did much for the children. However, in spite of the desperate need in mountain sections of Virginia,

there was no organized dental campaign there.

In the mountains of Alabama, as in the Ozarks, the story was the same. At Boaz, Alabama, the John H. Snead Seminary, a Methodist Episcopal institution, agreed to administer the fund, in order to bring about some improvement in these conditions which faced the growing girls and boys.

From the Ozarks, Dr. Goode, President of the School of the Ozarks, where the remainder of the fund was sent, wrote, "We have been greatly concerned lately over the great need of dental work among our students." He went on to tell of a girl, a student at the school, who had come to him, her face drawn with suffering, her mouth in a pitiful condition for lack of dental attention. The girl had been given her schooling free, but money for dental treatment was not available. When her parents were informed of the daughter's need they replied that they were unable to help her. Of general conditions in the Ozarks, Mr. Goode wrote, "The parents know nothing of dental sanitation, and the result is the children's mouths are simply allowed to go until many of them get into conditions that are almost impossible to do anything with." From another source came the estimate that not one child in a hundred in the Ozarks had been taught the proper use of the tooth-brush. When one considers that there are approximately 300,000 children in the region known as the Ozarks, the situation seems incredible. It is hard to realize that such conditions can exist in America, which today apparently leads the world in the manufacture and use of tooth-paste, and which certainly spends more money each year for dental advertising than any other nation.

The funds furnished by the Golden Rule Foundation enabled workers at the five centers to do much, not only to correct the bad dental conditions among the children, but also to overcome parental prejudice and fear of the dentist. One mountain mother in the South, whose daughter, thin and small for her age, was handicapped by an infected tooth, brought the girl to the dentist at the clinic for the purpose of having the tooth out. The mother could not conceal her fears that the girl would be unable to stand the pain of the operation, and collapse, or that the dentist might give her an anesthetic

from which she would never wake. "She hain't strong," the mother insisted, almost in tears. She was told that her daughter would be much stronger after the tooth was out. She unwillingly allowed the dentist to go on with his work, and another victory for modern dental methods was won when the tooth was removed without pain to the girl. Curiosity conquered the daughter's fear, and, holding a mirror, she eagerly watched the dentist at work while he filled other teeth which needed attention. When they left, both mother and daughter had been won over, and were firm supporters of the dental campaign.

In Kentucky a mountain father who had resisted all workers' efforts at health education, and who had refused to let his small son take the cod-liver oil which was badly needed for the formation of better bones and teeth, saw the light at last and was converted to the workers' point of view. As in the case of Job, it took suffering to broaden him. Rendered miserable by an impacted wisdom tooth, he appeared at the clinic, asking for help. His suffering was relieved when the tooth was taken out, and then it was pointed out to him that, had his own parents given him cod-liver oil when he was a baby, he might yet have been enjoying the use of sound teeth. His baby is now taking cod-liver oil.

In different localities various plans have been found suitable; and the campaign seems to be well started. In some places a traveling clinic was found to be more practicable, as it allowed the workers to reach more remote communities and cover more ground in a given length of time. State cooperation hastened the work in some cases, and at one center the plan of cooperation between state, community and center was found to be very satisfactory. As only one county in this state had previously received aid in a dental campaign, the state gave liberal support, and the dental campaign lasted from the middle of June until the end of September. Every child was examined free, and the statement of the work necessary, with the cost, was sent to the parents. A nominal charge of fifty cents was made for each operation, and patients unable to pay at once were

allowed to receive treatment with the understanding that payment would take place later on. The clinic travelled from community to community, in each locality where the community would agree to match a twenty-five dollar appropriation. On such terms many communities throughout the county received dental service, and plans are already being made for next year's campaign.

This was the chief object of the committee in distributing the gift of the Golden Rule Foundation to various centers, instead of concentrating on any particular district. It was thought that some beginning could be made on a general campaign, or at least the impetus for more cooperative and general action could be furnished. Attention has been directed to the dental needs of childhood in the Southern Mountain region and also in the Ozarks, and this is at least one step towards meeting it.

For the coming year, the Golden Rule Foundation is planning to continue its work on behalf of the mountain children. A larger committee of fifteen has been appointed by the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers to administer the increased fund. The members of this committee are men and women noted in social projects, both in the south and east and in the Ozarks as well. It is proposed to use the larger fund to help to answer some of the social needs of children in the mountains. There is an opportunity for much to be done in the field of mental hygiene—the correction of juvenile delinquency and cases of maladjustment. Medical care should be made more available for growing children, and games and books should play their part in the recreational program of the school child. All these needs, and others related to them, are under consideration by the committee and the coming year will see their plans carried into effect in cooperation with the Golden Rule Foundation. The dental campaign of the past summer, with its record of achievement and promise, was an excellent beginning; the enthusiastic cooperation which made possible such splendid results leads workers to hope that the increased fund, administered through a larger number of centers than was possible last year, should accomplish much more, and fill a long-felt need.

MOLASSES-MAKING

HARLAN BOOHER

The thick warm blanket of fog silently withdraws up the valley and uncovers on each side of the creek a group of men and boys, each group having a team and loaded wagon. Uncle Bill and his boys are meeting Father and his boys, to make the partnership sorghum crop into molasses.

On a small delta of the Andy Spring Branch, across the creek from the cane patch, we pitch camp, clear a yard, and begin setting the mill. Dad and Uncle Bill group us into four divisions. Division one cuts a tree and builds a log framework for the cane mill. The mill is equipped with a long drive level, is placed on the frame and boomed down. It is ready to receive the fat, round juicy stalks between its hungry rollers and mash them into ribbons, liberating the sweet juice into huge tubs, to be carried to the evaporating pan. The second group sets up the molasses pan on a furnace with a smoke stack that extends up through a crude little shelter supported by four posts, and is ready to begin the boiling of the juice. A third group cuts a chestnut tree, splits it into palings, and builds a fence around the inclosure. The fourth group enters the forest of cane and completely wrecks it. The smaller boys scout in front and tear the dead lower blades off, while the older boys follow with two-edged wooden swords, cutting the green leaves. Then the bare stalks are cut down, their heads cut off, and they are ready for the mill.

Now back to the second company, which has been enlarged by two or three girls who are helping to skim the foam from a pan of boiling molasses. Uncle Bill shouts, "Stir off! Boys, get the pole through these rings before this molasses burns. Whoopie! This is a good run." All the other work stops. We are not all needed, but we come just to be present and enjoy the excitement. Hat in hand, Uncle Bill fans the molasses as it is carried to the pole frame that Dad has just finished. "Careful, boys, don't spill it," says Aunt Clara. "Bill, don't knock trash into it." After the pan is emptied we clean it with wooden spoons, pad-

dles, and diagonally-cut pieces of cane stalk. Eating the molasses from our spoons and paddles, we wish for a pan of hot biscuits. Then we are ready for another run. So it goes for three days.

At last the final run of the season is on. It will come off at ten o'clock at night. It has been whispered around the neighborhood that there is going to be a "Stir Off" Friday night. The girls of Five Springs School District gather at our home. The girls across the creek in Hog Back district gather at Uncle Bill's. After going through the usual mirror practice and giggles they come down in the hollow to meet the boys who drift in later. Some of the young folk help with the work, but the older people do most of it, as they talk of their crops, the oncoming winter, and sometimes of a boy or girl of the neighborhood who is away at school.

Among the young folks are the engaged couples, Molly and Bob, and Bina and Edd, who sit apart from the others in some shaded nook barely mellowed by the soft light of the open furnace. Then there is the community belle, Mattie. She always manages to stay in the center of the picture, trying first this stunt with a cane stalk and then that, satisfied that a failure at the stunt will confirm her claim to be the most delicate and lovely girl on the ground. She pretends not to know the technique of chewing cane, while her baby sister, Mary, is nonchalantly twisting and chewing a stalk. She never spends much time with any one boy, for there are several suitors. These suitors show their strength and activity by jumping, turning flip-flops, wrestling, and even turning the cane mill over. Some of them put cane in the hot ashes, leave it there until it is very warm, and then sling it against the ground to make a loud, explosive noise. Besides these, there are the little boys and girls, large enough to be interested in each other, but too young to be bashful. In this group are Horace and Mary, digging a toy furnace; Jonathan and Lillian, hauling imaginary molasses; and Thelma and I, building a toy cane

mill. Last but not least in importance are the boys who are doing their first courting. They saunter up to the girls, say a word or two, and then back away. Some succeed in getting dates that mean an hour of mixed misery and joy, misery on account of bashfulness, but joy in the thought of having a date. Others, less fortunate, fail, and in their confusion back into a hot scum hole, and are laughed at by the girls who have slighted them.

Finally Uncle Bill shouts, "Stir off," and all gather around to see the molasses come off. We all eat enough molasses and foam to satisfy us. Then the girls leave in a group. Some of the boys catch up with the girls, choose their partners, and then brave the darkness two and two. Other boys remain to play on the soft stalks, pop cane, and tell yarns until midnight. Then, sleepy, tired and sticky, they struggle up the hills home.

SUMMER JOYS FOR TENNESSEE CHILDREN

EDWIN E. WHITE

"The children think a heap of their prizes. They have them hanging by their beds and they wouldn't take anything for them." The "prizes"—small awards such as are offered each year to those who attend vacation Bible school every day—were beautiful prints of the paintings of "The Good Shepherd" and "Christ Blessing the Children," framed by the passe partout process and ready to be hung on the wall: the boys and girls had loved the stories about the Good Shepherd and about Jesus' tenderness to little children, so it seemed fitting that they should have these pictures that would remind them of the stories every time they looked at them and that would be treasured for their beauty in the little homes. The speaker was the mother of five children who had attended vacation Bible school every day of the three weeks and a half it was held—the older ones did not miss a day last year either. The talk turned to the smallest of the five, a girl too young for public school. "They learn mighty fast," said the mother. "The little one knows almost every word of 'Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so,' and she sings and sings it."

Months after a previous vacation Bible school the minister was in a little home where a mite of a girl kept climbing onto a stool and attempting to "play" an old-fashioned organ. "She gets up there and plays and sings, 'This is my Father's world,'" said the mother. "Sometimes she gets it mixed up, and sings,

"This is my Father's girl,' but her daddy says that's all right, too."

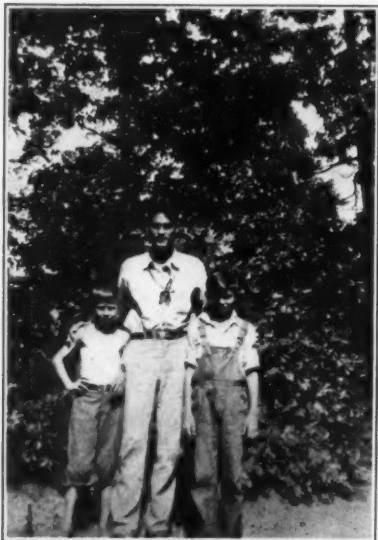
So the great words of hymns like "I would be true," "Faith of our Fathers," "The King of Love my Shepherd is," have got into the minds of many boys and girls through the vacation Bible school. One may hear them humming or singing the well-loved hymns as they go along the roads or about their work. And so to some extent the ideas of a loving Father God and of what it means to live as his children have been finding lodgment in many lives.

Sixteen vacation Bible schools were held as a part of the extension work reaching out from Pleasant Hill, Tennessee, this summer. More than six hundred boys and girls were enrolled and the average attendance exceeded five hundred. That is, in sixteen different communities for one or two weeks during the summer—generally two weeks, and in one case three and a half—most of the boys and girls of the community were spending two and one-half or more hours a day at "Bible School," as they call it, enjoying Bible stories and other character stories, learning some of the priceless words of the Bible by heart, singing and memorizing some of the most treasured hymns of the Church, playing games that were full of fun, acting out Bible and other stories, making interesting things with their hands—in short, having the best time of the year, and having it in a program that put Jesus Christ at the center.

The very names of the places are

intriguing—New Hope, Grandview, Neverfail, Glade Creek, Eastland, Mobery, Toddtown, Brownstown, Clifty, Smith's Chapel, Baker's Crossroads, Mayland, Ravenscroft, De Rosset, Bon Air. Except for New Hope and Grandview, which are a considerable distance away, and where the schools were conducted by students at home for summer vacation, all these places are within a radius of about twelve miles from Pleasant Hill. Almost every community of any size within that radius was reached except on the side towards the county seat, Crossville, ten miles away, where other churches are at work.

Some of these places are little schoolhouses tucked away in the woods; the daily attendance



Two Ravenscroft Scouts and Their Leader

at the Neverfail school was about thirteen. Some are very considerable communities; the average attendance at Ravenscroft was ninety-five, the enrollment more than a hundred. Ravenscroft is a straggling town of red "company" houses, the center of the coal-mining of this region, with four to five hundred men employed at the mine. But the industry that once brought prosperity now affords a scanty enough living to those who work at it. There is a little mining at Eastland. Bon Air and Clifty are company towns with the men going elsewhere to work. From nearly all this region

a large proportion of the men go to the mines to work, even of those who live on farms. It is a region of small farms and little settlements with woods in between.

All this extension program started five years ago this summer when the pastor, Rev. Thomas W. Howard, veteran of many years of religious pioneering, began summer activities at Pleasant Hill and in our nearest neighboring community, Brownstown, assisted by some interested local workers. The next year a student summer worker was sent in to help. In 1927, Clifty, Toddtown, and Baker's Crossroads were added to the places reached. A summer later seven vacation Bible schools were held; in 1929 the number increased to eleven. It has been the policy to go into the places that were open and ready for a vacation school. Now the movement is so well known that nearly every place is open. What was a dream but a few years ago has become in some sense a reality; almost everywhere within reasonable reach of Pleasant Hill a vacation Bible school is looked upon as a regular and important part of the summer.

Central as the vacation Bible school is in this program it is by no means all. This past summer there was Boy Scout work, Campfire Girls' work, a girls' camp, a boys' camp; a widespread program of recreation including picnics, socials and other activities; religious meetings for young people; and a large number of church services in numerous places. Some of the vacation schools had night sessions for the young people, well attended and enjoyed. In one place the adult community came out at night for a program of Bible study.

But we especially rejoiced in having a young woman full time for girls' work and a young man full time for the boys. In four communities, (in five for a part of the summer), the girls worked regularly as Campfire girls, trying to earn their dues, working on Campfire honors, playing, hiking, and picnicking together, all the while making a finer fellowship among themselves and with other communities, and accepting more and more the great ideals of the Campfire movement. For one of the groups, the night on Sunset Rock, on the very rim of the Appalachian system with the breath-taking

view of the valley beyond, will be long remembered.

In three communities the boys met regularly for scout work, passing tests, learning to swim—or to swim better—hiking, cooking outdoors, absorbing scout lore. Overnight hikes were especially popular. How much of this sort of thing is provided for the boys and girls of the city—how little for those of the country, particularly of far away sections like ours.

The high points of this part of the work were the camps: the one for boys held with the scouts of Crossville and the 4-H clubs of this region on a hill above Daddy's Creek, twenty miles east of here, where we have camped before; the one for the girls, longed-for for years, coming to realization alongside the lake on the grounds of Cumberland Mountain School near Crossville, with tents loaned by the school.

Into one community in our region on a certain day in June special trains bring hundreds of girls of prosperous families for one of the most famous camps in the South. Over on the other side of our area another camp offers to privileged boys the great values of a summer outdoors under able leadership. But for the girls and boys who live here there has been little camping, little camp lore, little guidance towards the appreciation of outdoor life. For the most part they cannot afford even a moderate-priced camp. So we have planned camps where supplies can be brought in place of money and nothing expensive is required. It was a queer-looking truck that started for the boys' camp one day in July and for the girls' camp a few days later, a truck piled high with bedding and clothing, sacks of potatoes and meal, eggs, chickens, and cabbage, and with happy campers crowded in as best they might. There was no handsome equipment at either camp, but there were worlds of fun, sound training, good leadership, good fellowship, and a chance to gain some high ideals.

A fine company of young people headed up this work this summer: Sallye, college student, who has had a large part in this extension program since its first summer, when she helped as an eighth grader, and to whose yearning after the boys and girls of this region and tireless efforts to reach them much of the expansion of the work is due; Don, lover of the

mountains, friend of common folk, tall, an outstanding athlete, strong in mind and soul as well as body, a student for the ministry; Howard, high school graduate of irresistible personality, leader in Hi-Y activities of the state, whom we were delighted to be able to secure for a leader of boys; Grace, Pleasant Hill Academy student, teacher of the primary department in Pleasant Hill Sunday school, lover of little children; Iva, Sallye's college roommate, stirred by Sallye's enthusiasm to volunteer her services for a number of weeks; Lorraine, experienced and able summer worker sent in to give special help for a short period. These constituted the regular staff but they had a large corps of helpers. At least twelve Pleasant Hill Academy girls helped throughout as much as one school each, some of them in their own communities, some going elsewhere to help. They were joined by ten or more other girls in the communities in which the schools were held.

The story of the summer work around Pleasant Hill is in very large measure the story of the giving of themselves by a group of young people to try to share with boys and girls, as well as with older folk, the best they knew.

Iva was a college freshman, full of life and energy and wanting a good time as is the way of college freshmen. She arrived on Sunday afternoon. Early Monday morning, with other workers and piles of supplies, she boarded the bus for her first vacation Bible school. A host of boys and girls kept the morning crowded. Then with her co-workers Iva started out along a little woods road, down a precipitous and rocky hill, up another steep and rocky one, a rough mile and three-quarters to help conduct another school. But the little settlement was in trouble: a baby was desperately ill. Iva had no experience in such things, but while Don ran back the mile and three-quarters to telephone for a doctor (he used to win the two-mile race in college meets) she and Sallye took hold to try to help save the baby's life. Then when the life had gone they helped prepare the pathetic little body for burial. The funeral was the next afternoon. Then there were two vacation schools a day and preparations to be made for them, with the long walk each way in the afternoon, a bit of helping in

the home where she stayed, generally a meeting to attend at night, and other things like a trip through the mine where the men of the community work. A week of that convinced Iva that summer work was no play, but also that it was a huge chance to live.

There is something amazing about the amount of work these young people are willing to undertake. In addition to leading two vacation schools a day, crowded with wide-awake youngsters, with considerable distance to go between schools, they somehow managed picnics, evening meetings, preparations for the closing programs of the schools, and numerous other things. They visited in the homes of the people, helped with the dishes or the chores, became fast friends of the children. One of the most valuable features of the summer program is simply that these young people live their lives for a few weeks as intimately as possible with the boys and girls, leaving them a fine friendship to treasure.

Scenes of the summer's work are good to recall: Howard leading a troop of boys down the road in Eastland armed with frying pans and kettles, sacks of potatoes, bacon, and eggs, off on a hike to the river, a new kind of hike for them, from which they returned to fill the town with stories of the great food they had cooked and the quantities they had been able to consume. Don in overalls, preaching to a goodly company in a dimly lighted schoolhouse or to a little group gathered on and around the steps

of a cabin in "The Gulf," a deep and isolated valley beyond Mobery. Play time before "Bible School" opens in the morning, a noisy game with an indoor baseball; and along the several roads, approaching groups of boys and girls, older children leading the little tots, eager for another day. A beautiful night at the girls' camp, bright stars overhead, a company of bright-eyed girls in their council ring around the fire; a bit of foolishness, a gay song or two, some well-loved hymns, a time of quiet sharing of some of the thoughts and ideals that have made for noble womanhood through the ages. The first morning at the boys' camp: a whoop as the boys who have been held in for an hour learn that it is time to get up; a scramble down the hill for a morning dip; back again to devour an abundant breakfast; line-up for the dish washing; then all circle close together for a brief chapel period, to sing a great hymn and think a moment of the God whose world of nature they are going to enjoy.

Among the hopes we cherish for this extension work are:

A two-weeks' vacation Bible school with an increasingly better program within reach of every boy and girl within our area.

A year-round program of Christian boyhood and girlhood for our whole region.

A large number of young people at work in their own region sharing the good things they have received.

TEN DAYS OF WORK AND PLAY AT BRASSTOWN

WILLIE FAY ALLEN

On June 16, 1930, twenty girls from various parts of the mountains gathered at the John C. Campbell Folk School at Brasstown, in the south western corner of North Carolina. We had had visions of ten days of pleasure together, but our imaginations had not pictured so much enjoyment as the days really brought to us.

When we arrived we were taken to a large

frame building, the home of the school. There was nothing unusual about the outside appearance, but when we entered we were astonished by the unusual beauty of the interior, furnished with pieces made by mountain men and women. After acquaintance with its occupants, came our second feeling of delighted wonder, at the beautiful spirit among the group of workers.

Every minute of our stay was filled with interest. From the bugle in the morning until the last good-night song, each girl was alert

for every new game or song she might learn. About two hours each day were spent in lectures and discussions led by people who gave us bits of their worth-while experience. Mrs. Olive Campbell, who was responsible for our



A Singing Game at Brasstown

privilege of being there, helped us greatly into the understanding of a higher life for ourselves and our communities. We shall always be grateful for the beauty she showed us in the ballads and folk songs of the mountains. Miss Helen Dingman shared with us choice bits from her treasure of experience. In one of her lectures she gave us the fundamental principles to be remembered when going into a community. We had two delightful talks from Miss Clementine Douglas, who is the head of The Spinning Wheel industries in Asheville. Fred O. Scroggs, one of the men from Brasstown, discussed cooperatives. He told how cooperatives started with a very small group in Brasstown and now have grown to successful organizations, building up the prosperity of the community. Our love for music was strengthened by Miss Evelyn Bishop, from Gatlinburg. We were helped not only through her ability at the piano and her lovely voice, but also by her discussion of the appreciation of music. Miss Louise Pittman, who is a worker in the Folk School, was always dropping us some worth-while ideas and cheering us on our way.

Another important part of the day was spent with Danish exercises and singing games. For three days some of us realized there were

many muscles in our bodies that we had never used before. But not a girl in the group wished to admit to the director, George Bidstrup, that we were realizing the effects of the exercises. Even though there were a few aches and pains, the girls who were participating could know the joy which comes from being able to do an exercise hitherto impossible. Mr. Bidstrup was also the director of the singing games. We were never willing to stop for rest at night. The grand march in the evening meant good-night; although it was much enjoyed, yet it brought a sad feeling—there was one day less left for work and play. There was so much wholesome fun that we knew we could never crowd in all we wished in ten days.

One hour or more of the day was devoted to the study and singing of mountain ballads and folk songs. Many of them were new to us, but after we had heard them a few times these songs could be heard all through the house. The mountain ballads and folk songs have such interesting melodies that once learned they are not easily forgotten. Often at meal time someone would start one of these songs and everyone would join in.

Regularly in the afternoon we had tea on the stone steps—the view of the mountains from there was marvelous. This was the time when everyone felt free to discuss some ideas or problems that she was interested in knowing



Keith House—John C. Campbell Folk School

more about. Two afternoons we spent on excursions: one, into the Blue Ridge Mountains in Georgia; the other, a picnic supper on a mountain where we could see out over many beautiful ranges.

Do you wonder that we disliked even to think about leaving? Some of us believe that the ten days brought us more beautiful creative ideas than any other ten days of our lives.

The purpose of these ten days was to give to a few workers something that they could carry back to their own communities or sections of the country. It was hoped that through these experiences and training every girl could help to enrich the lives of the boys and girls wherever she might be. Mrs. Campbell did not narrow to her own section the group admitted, but gave the opportunity to as many different sections of the mountains as possible. These representatives, she hoped, would share some of their privileges with the ones who could not be there.

We are hoping that this opportunity will be offered again next year. Every girl in the group would welcome the privilege to return.

WHO PAYS THE PRICE

(Continued from Page 10)

fever, pellagra, and this new rabbit disease? Have they quit helpin' to build highways all over the country for them as have cars?"

"No," the doctor was forced to admit.

"Then how come they pick on the women and babies? My wife has had no health sence our fust child was bawn, yet I done the best I knewed. Likely if we had had a nurse like this all these years thar'd a been three graves less out in Sharon buryin' ground. Fo' less—" knotted fingers slipped through Noontide's silky locks. He thought for a moment. "I mought be a law-abiding citizen and keer mo' for my gover'ment and state, b'gosh, if they 'peared to keer what happened to me and mine." He skeptically stuffed his last few possessions in the bulgin suit-case and again burst forth.

"Why so stingy all at onces?" he demanded suspiciously. "I thought we had never been so prosperous befo'. Does hit cost mo' to keep folks well than to cure 'em arter the're down and out? And arter all, who pays the price—the last price, if we stay po' ign'rant folks forever? Does the gover'ment want that sort of people? Don't Congress give no reason?"

"Well," hesitated the doctor, "a kind of a

reason. But—well, ask your senator and representative in Washington," he suggested.

With genuine regret the doctor said good-bye to the rested and happy mother, eager in renewed strength and courage and self-confidence; to the sturdy baby grunting snugly in his mother's arms and the older one at her knee; and to a grateful, perplexed, reflecting man, muttering, "Politics—rotten politics," as he fitted his increased family on the slab seat of the wagon and started the mules up the rugged trail of old Nantahala.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE FOR MOUNTAIN BOYS AND GIRLS

(Continued from Page 18)

cal survey to be undertaken by the Department of Agriculture and various related agencies, and is considered the most authoritative source of information on economic opportunities in the Appalachian area. Naturally, vocational guidance must build upon economic information.

Miss Wood and Miss Claytor, the counselors making the journey, are both college women with graduate sociological work to their credit—Miss Wood being a Master of Arts of the University of North Carolina and Miss Claytor of Duke University. Both have had varied experience in rural teaching, having taught rural teachers as well as rural boys and girls. Miss Wood has worked for six years in the Pine Mountain Settlement School in one of the most isolated areas in Kentucky, serving as academic head of the school for three years. During the past year, as a member of the staff of the Southern Woman's Educational Alliance, she has been in charge of a county program of guidance in Craven County, North Carolina, working out from the office of the county superintendent, Mr. R. S. Proctor. Miss Claytor during this same year represented the Southern Woman's Educational Alliance at North Carolina State College of Agriculture and Engineering, by acting as extension lecturer on guidance on the college staff, teaching teachers, principals, and consolidated school superintendents in five schools of Wake County, North Carolina.

Subjects of some of the round tables which the counselors will conduct will concern an-

swers to such questions as the following:

Do the occupations in the area from which your pupils come provide a reasonably fair and comfortable living? If not, could these occupations do this, if the workers were adequately trained? Are you educating the chil-

dren primarily to enable them to improve the mountain areas or for developing their best capacities and interests? Are you using any of the modern aids for discovering children's abilities and special aptitudes, and if not, would you like to learn to do so?

NEWS FROM THE FIELD

Weaving Institute at Penland

Mr. Edward Worst of Chicago conducted a most interesting Weaving Institute at Penland, North Carolina, August 12-16. A few of the handicraft centers sent representatives and the local weavers came daily to take advantage of this unusual opportunity. Looms and materials had been sent in advance so that the more complicated patterns and weaves could be taught. Lessons in threading the looms for double-weaving, damask, and summer and winter weaving were given, and several people were able to take home with them completed pieces showing their new prowess.

Aunt Cumi Woody came bringing her old coverlets, every process of which had been done by hand, from the sheep's back to the finished blanket. Miss Morgan writes, "It was sweet to see her, representing an age and a period all but gone, discussing weaving and dyes with Mr. Worst, who has brought to us in modern days so much more than ever our colonial ancestors had in the ways of designs and weaves requiring unusual skill and ability."

Those who attended the Institute look back on it as a happy, congenial house-party at which they gained both inspiration and practical knowledge. Everyone will be happy to know that Mr. Worst has agreed to make it an annual affair, with the exception of the summers when he goes abroad.

Crafts Course

A very successful venture at the John C. Campbell Folk School this summer was a course in handicrafts for local boys and girls between the ages of twelve and sixteen. Woodworking and woodcarving were offered the boys, and weaving and woodcarving the girls. The classes

were held every morning for six weeks. The enthusiasm was so contagious that something had to be provided for the younger children. In the afternoons another group, ranging in age from six to twelve, came for a class in drawing and painting.

The interest shown by the whole community was so keen that another course in the crafts is to be offered during the four months of the regular folk school session beginning the first of November.

Southern Mountain Handicraft Guild

The mid-year meeting of the Southern Mountain Handicraft Guild was held in Berea, October 4, 1930. Thirteen producing centers were represented, with an attendance of thirty-two interested people.

Plans for the year's work were made. Some that are of general interest are that a directory of the centers and their crafts will be compiled and mimeographed or printed for distribution; a loan library for the use of the members is to be started; and a committee is being appointed to study the problems of consignment and marketing and to report at the spring meeting.

Mr. Allen Eaton told about an old madder bed in a cornfield near Berea which he had just visited. The plants are still vigorous although it is reputed to be over seventy-five years old. The Guild, with the consent of the owner, decided to take steps to preserve this bed not only because of its historic interest but because it has value as a future source of supply to Guild members.

An exhibit of fine examples of old mountain handicrafts will be held at Knoxville next spring in connection with the annual meeting of the Conference of Southern Mountain Work-

ers. Different pieces of which the members knew were reported. Mr. Edward Davis of Berea told of a journey he had made last summer in search of lovely old designs. In one home he found a choice collection and the owners were very proud to have him make drawings of two four poster beds, the acorn and the apple patterns, to use in reproductions. On the porch of this home he discovered an old cherry table, which, although in bad condition, the lady of the house was keeping because she loved its pretty legs. Mr. Davis offered to do the table over for her if she would send it to Berea. The Guild members saw this lovely old piece of furniture at Berea, beautifully restored and ready for its journey back to that mountain home. No bride will ever be as thrilled over any present as that dear old lady will be when that table is uncrated.

The Guild looks forward to a permanent museum of the old mountain arts. Efforts will be made to preserve some of the fine old log houses, and also to make a collection of beautiful mountain pictures. The Guild is as much concerned with the cultural values of the crafts as with their economic possibilities.

THE ATTITUDE OF COLLEGES TOWARD MUSIC

By GLADYS V. JAMESON

SURVEY OF COLLEGE ENTRANCE CREDITS AND COLLEGE COURSES IN MUSIC

Published by the National Bureau for the Advancement of Music. New York, 1930.

How educational is music study? Does it bring about developments in human beings which are comparable in value to those produced by the study of languages, history, mathematics, and the sciences? Is it an essential, or only a desirable aid to culture? If the question of credit is involved, is it so incapable of standardization that the colleges can hardly expect to establish a reliable basis for evaluating it? Is the teaching of music in the high schools at present of such a high character that it is worthy of college recognition? These are some of the questions which a special committee of the Research Council of the Music Supervisors' National Conference has been studying for over a year. The Com-

mittee is made up of men of broad educational experience and recognized musicianship. The results of their investigation are presented in the volume *Survey of College Entrance Credits and College Courses in Music*. The statistics are based on information gleaned from almost six hundred institutions distributed over the entire country.

The reasons for publishing such a volume are two-fold. First, as an aid to the student who is interested in studying music but does not know how much credit he may receive, and in what way the study of music will affect his college work. Second, as an aid to the colleges themselves, who do not know how much music credit to give, and do not know how much is being given in other institutions, or with what success.

Questions of great importance to teachers of music and to college authorities are given careful attention; illuminating facts are presented and valuable suggestions offered. The section entitled "Summarized Statements from College Reports" occupies a large portion of the book. These statistics are arranged in condensed form in order that comparisons may be made easily. The book is concise, conveniently arranged, and will be very helpful to those who are interested in a subject which grows more and more important to educators every year.

ARMISTICE DAY

A revision of the folder containing program material suggested for the use of schools in the celebration of Armistice and other patriotic holidays, emphasizing world fellowship and peace in place of rivalry and war, has just been completed by the Women's International League. This source list of poems, stories, prose readings including Bible selections and the speeches of famous men, plays and pageants, dances, songs, and topics for talks or essays, was especially prepared by a group of teachers several years ago and has had wide distribution. It now appears with the addition of much new material and may be obtained (single copy free of charge, two cents apiece in quantity) from the Women's International League of Peace and Freedom, Pennsylvania Branch, 1924 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.